

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

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ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.
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DOUGLASS IN ENGLAND.

The London Universe gives a report of a Great Anti-Slavery Meeting, recently held in Finsbury Chapel, in London, in which Douglass was the chief speaker. In the midst of his speech, the Chairman rose and said:

"Our friend Douglass has been obliged to escape from America, leaving a wife and four children there, for fear of being seized by his late owner, who is vowing vengeance. He is therefore an exile from that country, because there is not an inch of it upon which he can stand with safety set his feet. I may also state that he has published a little narrative, called the 'Life of Frederick Douglass,' which has been the means of the support of himself and family, and may be had at the doors as you go out."

This statement was not corrected by Douglass, nor by any of his friends; but the drift of his remarks indirectly sustained it. It is news to us, coming by way of England, that Douglass left this country in any fear for his personal safety. The writer of this has lived in the same village with him for several years, and this has been the first intimation that he has ever seen or heard, that Douglass had any occasion to seek concealment or expatriation, to avoid being reduced again to bondage. He has gone abroad freely through the northern States, as a public lecturer, courted notoriety, fulfilling appointments publicly made. And when he left the country, he attended a public meeting previously notified, to take public leave of his friends; and all the circumstances of taking a passage in the steamer for England, were detailed in the papers. And if he lived here under any fear or restraint, he certainly had a strange way of showing it.

But we fully agree with one remark in Douglass's speech, which is— "My influence is just in proportion to the distance that I am from the United States." And he might have added, that his credit in his re-assertion of allegations against the American Board, which have been nailed to the counter here, is very much enhanced by this distance. But our American readers will be amused at the course which things are taking, in reference to this high priest of anti-Ministry, anti-Churchism and anti-Sabbathism. He is lost to this country forever! For one of the speakers said, that they never would let him come back, but would support him handsomely during life in England. And we must not think it strange, if we soon find Saul among the prophets, and Douglass in holy orders, with a fat benefice, if not a bishopric.—*New England Puritan.*

We cannot honor either the object or the spirit of the above remarks. They are not creditable to the writer, either as a man, or as one of the most distinguished pastors in New England. What is the question? Is it whether Mr. Douglass, an acknowledged fugitive from slavery, would be in danger of a re-capture, were he to return to reside in Massachusetts. He is known, identified by the publication of his life, with a striking likeness of his person. His former master and family are not only excited by the loss of so much property; but their feelings as slaveholders, and those of all their neighbors, are aroused at such a case of successful escape of a slave; and then they are evidently goaded to madness by the exposure he has made of their meanness and cruelty. It is said they have pledged themselves to spend three thousand dollars but what they will have him, on his return, and satiate their vengeance upon him!

He tells his story in England, and at once, generous hearts have their sympathies touched, and they raise a purse of money to defray the expense of bringing his family to him, rather than subject him to such a peril, (which he would surely have braved,) to go to them. Whereupon the editor of the Puritan, sneers and shakes his sides in scorn at the way Douglass is humbugging the English with the notion that if he should return to Massachusetts, he would be in danger. We have been at a loss to decide, whether the editor of the Puritan really thinks that Douglass would be in no danger, or whether he merely blurted it out as a good joke at abolition, and does not care whom or what it wounds or kills.

The only proof given to convict Douglass of collecting money under false pretences, is

that, when he was among us, he did not act as if he felt himself in danger. Does the Puritan believe that there is such a quality as courage—moral courage—by which he who has it is able, when he thinks he is right, to act in the midst of danger, as if he knew no danger? Mr. Douglass evidently thought it his duty to exercise the very extraordinary and eminent endowments of eloquence with which God has gifted him, in public pleadings for his enslaved brethren. And he fulfilled his appointments without wavering, and therefore the Puritan argues he was not in danger.

It must be borne in mind that the greater part of his public labors in this country were performed before the publication of his autobiography, and engraved portrait. This first disclosed to the public his true name and parentage, his old master's name, residence, &c. It was not long after this, that his sense of insecurity impelled him to go abroad; and because he did not flee privately, by night, but went in the face of the world, the Puritan would appear to argue that he could not have been in danger.

Why is not a known fugitive from slavery in any danger of re-capture in Massachusetts? Is not the law the same here, as in other parts of the country, where the re-capture of fugitives is a case of daily occurrence? Does the Puritan hold that the clause in the United States constitution, which is commonly held to authorize such re-capture, is not binding in Massachusetts? Does the Puritan hold that the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, pronounced by the great jurist of Massachusetts, in *Prigg's case*, that a slaveholder has the same right to retake a slave in the free States, (by force, if need be,) that a man has to retake his horse in the streets, is not law? Why was Douglass not in danger?

We do not forget the *Latimer case*; but we do forget if the Puritan then aided in creating the amount of public feeling then brought out, which made *Latimer's* master glad to sell his claim at a large discount, rather than try to carry off his victim from Boston jail. And the Legislature so far sanctioned or yielded to this public feeling, as to prohibit the employment of State officers or prisons in the catching of slaves. But that law does not impose a penalty upon private citizens, who may afford such aid. And there is no reason to think that there are men in Massachusetts, who could be tempted, for less than half of three thousand dollars, to act as the agents of Lloyd, in conformity to Judge Story's law, and quietly seize and gag an unarmed man, and convey him on board of a collection boat for Baltimore? Would the Puritan think a church-member, who should do this, deserved to be excommunicated? Would even that afford any relief to the poor captive, who had been tempted by the bribed words of the editor, to seat himself at Lyon without the fear of danger?

The *Latimer law*, as it is termed, cannot, of course, extend to officers of the United States. We should like the Puritan to tell us what advice should be given, in a case which occurred to us within a fortnight, in Boston, of a MAN coming for counsel, who had reason to believe that an agent of his master was in the city in pursuit of him, accompanied by a deputy marshal, armed with a warrant from Judge Woodbury, of the United States Court, under the Act of Congress of 1793? There were circumstances connected with the case, of unusual interest and bitterness, which are not proper for us to particularize. And as I listened to the voice of that brother man, and heard from him sentiments that would have done honor to any Roman of them all, may more, to any Christian of them all, and then saw to what counsels and to what action I was shut up, the thought that this is my country and I these her institutions filled my soul with agony, and I renewed the vow of unceasing labor, until the foul scheme is removed. We will not tell the counsel we gave, but wait till the Puritan has spoken its advice in such a case.

O, if the editor of the Puritan would lay aside for a little while his habit of sordid and unmanly scorn for abolition, and make himself conversant with the realities which slavery is every week producing even under his eyes, in Massachusetts, we do believe he has human sympathies and Christian principles, which would kindle him into an intense flame of benevolence, and make him first among the foremost in determined labor to leave no stone unturned, no effort untied, until slavery is driven from the land.—*Emancipator.*

RESOLUTIONS OF THE COLORED PEOPLE OF OBERLIN ON THE DEATH OF TORREY.

The colored citizens of Oberlin, in accordance with previous notice, assembled in mass meeting on Thursday evening, May 28th, to express their deep sense of the worth of the lamented Torrey, and improve the occasion in a manner suggested by his martyrdom.

The meeting having been called to order, SAMUEL B. COX was called to the Chair, and LAWRENCE W. MINOR appointed Secretary. After prayer, WILLIAM H. DAY, from the Committee to draft resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting, reported the following, which, having been warmly advocated, were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, we, as disfranchised Americans, are identified not only with thousands who with us are disfranchised, but with three millions of our brethren in bonds; and whereas, their interest becomes our interest, and their elevation ours; and whereas, in the rise or

fall of our coadjutors, we feel a deep and lasting interest; and whereas, Rev. CHARLES T. TORREY, in obeying the dictates which he believed reason and reason's God had given him, has by the ruthlessness of Southern free-booters been seized as a captive, on a charge of having assisted some slaves to escape to a land of liberty; and, having by a Maryland process called *law*, been condemned to remain for six years within the dingy walls of a prison; and whereas, within those walls and away from home, he has died a martyr to our cause—therefore

Resolved, That by his active and untiring efforts, and subsequent self-sacrifice upon the altar, Rev. Charles T. Torrey has shown his true devotion to the cause of down-trodden humanity, proving himself worthy of the Pilgrim's home, and a resting place among the graves of pilgrims here.

Resolved, That while we feel the inadequacy of language to express the sentiments that burn in our souls in their behalf, we offer to the afflicted wife and children of the lamented Torrey, our deepest sympathy, our deepest feeling, and our most respectful regard, and commend them to the protection of the God of the oppressed, and to his care who is a father to the fatherless, and the widow's God.

Resolved, That while we have sympathized in the sufferings of a Work, a Burr, and a Thompson, incarcerated within the walls of a Missouri prison, and others in a similar situation; and in the noble stand and noble fall of a Lovejoy upon the plains of Alton; with the branded hand of a Walker in the everglades of Florida; and in the glorious martyr death of a Torrey by Maryland law and in a Maryland prison; and while in it we see the legitimate workings of ancient aristocracy and disregard of the rights of humanity, we rejoice to see the cries of our cause approaching, and the dawn of that brighter day which will surely follow.

Resolved, That Governor Pratt, of Maryland, in spurning the petition of Mrs. Torrey, that her husband might breathe his last among his native hills, when it was evident to all that his life would be ended in a few days, and perhaps hours; while the same Governor, under less urgent circumstances, could set at liberty a counterfeiter at the request of his wife whom he had before deserted, has shown himself guilty of a more servility to the demon of slavery, and worthy of the just reprobation of every American, whether bond or free.

Resolved, That we ever discourage the circumstances of a man who may become, how many soever of us, others may fall, we will not despond but to trust in God, press forward in the full assurance that if hereditary bondmen would be free, themselves must strike the blow.

Resolved, That the spirit which has actuated Mr. Torrey and his coadjutors for the good of our cause, in disregarding illegal enactments and positive lawlessness, in defence of the right and opposition to the wrong, shall not be unimitated, but we, each to each, pledge ourselves anew to stand firmly in the conflict until death.

After discussion of the above, it was voted that a copy of the above resolutions be forwarded to Mrs. Torrey, and also to Governor Pratt, of Maryland.

Voted, That the following papers be requested to publish the above: The Oberlin Evangelist, Cleveland American, Painesville Messenger, Cincinnati Herald, Colored Citizen, Anti-Slavery Bugle, Western Citizen, Signal of Liberty, The Liberator, N. Y. Evangelist, and all other papers friendly to the cause. After which, the meeting adjourned.

SABRAM B. COX, Chairman.
LAWRENCE W. MINOR, Secretary.
Oberlin, June 3, 1846.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

The Nation's Birthday again! Seventy years—the appointed life of Man—have passed away since our Fathers declared these former Colonies of Great Britain Independent States. In those seventy years the population of the territory now embraced within the Union has increased from three to more than twenty millions, while their industry, wealth, and physical power have expanded in at least equal proportion. Intelligence, General Education, Temperance, Morality and Religion have also made advances, but not without serious drawbacks. In the theory of Liberty and Civil Government we are better versed than our forefathers were; in the practice about the same. Like them, we vehemently proclaim, that "All men are created free and equal, and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," and yet, in defiance of this National creed, fifteen of our twenty-eight States, embracing more than half the fully organized territory of the Union, authorize a part of their people to hold the residue in bondage through life, to force them to unrequited labor by the terror or the application of the lash, and to sell the children from the mother, the husband from the wife, in hopeless, life-long separation. And let not the free States, so called, look down in Pharisaic reproach or pity on their brethren, for these are equally unfaithful in principle, though not so delinquent in practice. Here, in the midst of our Democratic equality, while our cannon are thundering, our bayonets gleaming, our mob huzzading defiance to kings and destruction to aristocracies, even here in New York we cherish and sustain an aristocracy of color more rigid and

hateful than any aristocracy known to the old world. We, the rampart Democrats of America, with our mouths full of lying cant about equality, justice, and the area of Freedom, banish the children of Africa from our public conveyances, from our civic convocations, and even from a practical equality as sinners in our assemblies to supplicate the mercy of God! Even now a Convention is assembled to revise our State Constitution to which a majority of the members have been elected on the express ground of hostility to the equal political rights of all men—pledged not only to deny the most fundamental right to citizens heretofore excluded, but to go farther and exclude a class who have enjoyed the right of suffrage without opposition and without pretence of public injury for the last half century, if not from the birth of the Nation! And there is great reason to fear that this cruel, irrational proscription, founded on base prejudice and blind hatred alone, will be sanctioned by a majority of the voters of our State, including the larger number of those who will to-day be most noisy in their demonstrations of regard for equality and freedom! How can such glaring hypocrisy pass unrebuked and unpunished?

The horrible war now waging on our South Western frontier is another instance of gross infidelity to the principles which made us a Nation. We are fighting not to preserve Liberty, but to perpetuate Slavery—not in defence of our own territory but in encroachment on that of our feeblest neighbor. We are fighting to 'chastise,' to 'humble,' to despoil her of her territory, in pretended retribution for injuries which have been equalled by injuries suffered at our hands, by her. Every step taken in provoking and in prosecuting that war gives the lie to the elementary principles of our Declaration of Independence.

So of the social injustice which prevails all around us—the laws and usages which destroy the independence and enslave the lives of half the people of our country. Every child growing up in ignorance; every youth groping his way through idleness, want, physical or mental, to shame and crime; every parent who, having done his best to procure by honest toil the means of subsistence, goes home to find his hungry children or tremble for the destitution which threatens and approaches them, justly accuses this people of unfaithfulness to the great and good principles proclaimed at the birth of the first American Republic, which ought to be the protector, monitor and pattern of all her younger sisters, but, having fallen behind them in regard to slavery, is becoming their terror and

Enough for to-day. We know well that another sort of patriotism will be evinced in the coming orations so heartily delivered to-day. To flatter and please is the easier, more agreeable course; he who has the stern task of proclaiming the naked and needful Truth! Independence for ever!—*Tribune.*

SLAVE-HUNTER KILLED.—We learn that a few days ago, a fugitive slave from Maryland, was pursued and overtaken in Somerset county, in this State, by a man named Holland, a wagoner from Ohio, who was tempted to the dirty task by the reward offered, \$150.—When they reached McCarty's tavern, the slave attempted to escape, but was caught by Holland, while in the act of climbing a fence. The slave then drew a long knife which he had concealed about his person, and plunged it into Holland's heart, causing his death instantly. He made good his escape, immediately, pursued by the people of the neighborhood, who, at nightfall, had surrounded him, in the darkness of the night he eluded their vigilance, and is now beyond their reach. Who would not do just as this poor slave did, in a struggle for his rightful liberty.—*Washington Patriot.*

MUCH TRUTH IN A SMALL COMPASS.—In the debate on the Missouri question, John Randolph said:

"We do not govern them (the people of the north) by our black slaves, but by their own white slaves. We know what we are doing. We of the South are always united, from the Ohio to Florida—and we can always unite; but you of the North are beginning to divide. We have conquered once, and we can, and will do it again. Aye, Sir, we will drive you to the wall, and when we have you there once more, we mean to keep you there, and nail you down like base money."

HEAR! HEAR!—"Nothing is more true, or more extensively known, than that TEXAS WAS WRESTED FROM MEXICO, and her independence established, through the instrumentality of the United States."

Democrats of Herkimer county! do you hear that? Whose language do you suppose it is? You have heard of Martin Van Buren, Ex-President of the United States? Well, it is taken from the letter of that gentleman against the Annexation of Texas, written in the spring of 1844.—*Freeman.*

KIDNAPPING CHILDREN.—Several white children, we hear, have been recently kidnapped in the District of Southwark. A child was taken, it is reported, some weeks ago, from Beck Place, which has not yet been recovered. On Sunday last, a bold attempt was made by two men to carry off a fine little boy, the son of a printer employed on one of the morning papers. The child had been left a moment by his mother on the sidewalk in front of the house. The kidnappers were pursued, but escaped.—*Phil. paper.*

Communications.

GARRETSVILLE, July 8th, 1846.
LIBERTY PARTY, No. 2.

The resolution introduced into the Anniversary meeting of the Ohio Society in 1844, by leading Liberty party influence for the purpose of destroying the society, met with decided opposition from such liberty men as were still at heart abolitionists.

But the expressions of hostility on the part of Liberty party men in Northern Ohio convinced me that it was unsafe to hold the next anniversary meeting within reach of them at Granville; Licking co. was therefore selected as the place for its next meeting. To this the Ex. Committee assented.

At the same time that the notice of the Anniversary meeting to be held at Granville in 1845 was published, there was a notice published of a series of Anti-slavery meetings to extend throughout the entire length of the state.

This series of meetings included the anniversary meeting and one in Cincinnati on the 11th of June.

These meetings were announced by myself in the office of the Corresponding Secretary of the Ohio Anti-slavery society, and to the published notice of them his name was officially appended. Thus these meetings including the one in Cincinnati for the 11th of June were called by the Ohio Anti-slavery society as Anti-slavery meetings. Dr. Bailey sometime after the call, assured the Anti-slavery public that the meeting in Cincinnati was to be an Anti-slavery meeting, and the notice of the first call of this meeting as one of a series of Anti-slavery meetings was kept standing in his paper up to the time fixed for holding it. A meeting was also held in Dr. Bailey's office, sometime previous to the 11th of June, to make some preliminary arrangements and also arrangements to procure a building to hold the convention in. I attended this meeting and was assured by those present that the convention to be held on the 11th of June would be strictly an Anti-slavery Convention. It was also stated that the use of the Tabernacle was refused to all political meetings, but because this was not to be a political meeting it was confidently expected that it could be obtained.

The 11th of June at length arrived, a very large assemblage collected at the Tabernacle, and the convention organized by appointing a President, Vice Presidents, and a business committee all Liberty party men, except one man who was from a slave state where no liberty party was organized, and some of these were the prominent leaders of that party. The business committee reported a series of strictly Liberty party resolutions which were accepted for consideration and discussion. At this stage of the proceedings, H. L. Preston inquired of the President as to the character of the meeting, and received a reply in no equivocal language. We then discovered that although this meeting had been called officially by the Ohio Anti-slavery society as an Anti-slavery convention, and although Dr. Bailey had stated in his paper that it was to be an Anti-slavery convention, and although the meeting in Dr. Bailey's office for making preliminary arrangements declared that it was to be an Anti-slavery convention, yet it was in fact designed by some to be strictly a Liberty party convention, and this was the character given to it, and some of those, if not all, who were spokesmen in the meeting in Dr. Bailey's office, and who declared there that it was to be an Anti-slavery meeting, helped to make it a Liberty party meeting without one word of explanation or giving an excuse for the deception that had been practised.

Previous to this, Liberty party men had frequently entered our Anti-Slavery meetings, and tried to introduce Liberty party subjects and sometimes Liberty party business. This course was resisted by H. L. Preston and myself, on the ground that it was a violation of good faith, when an Anti-Slavery meeting was called, to seize the opportunity and force upon the people Liberty views, or any other extraneous subject. Liberty party papers persisted in advertising our Anti-Slavery meetings as Liberty meetings, and would speak of them as Liberty meetings, and in publishing accounts of them, would state that they were Liberty meetings. All these circumstances, together with the efforts of Liberty men to kill off Anti-Slavery societies, conspired to render me suspicious of their influences upon Anti-Slavery meetings. But

the strong assurances given that this would be an Anti-Slavery meeting lulled my suspicions to sleep; consequently, when a circular was sent out from Cincinnati a few weeks previous to the meeting, stating that the meeting was not to be composed exclusively of Liberty men, the idea was so strongly fixed upon my mind that it would not be a party meeting, that I lent my name by signing the circular. But when Preston asked what kind of a meeting it was to be, this Circular was produced to show that the character of the meeting was to be *Liberty party*; then, for the first time, the full meaning of the circular, together with its object, flashed upon my mind. But as my name was affixed to it, I saw that my hands were tied, and that I must submit patiently.

A project was introduced into this Convention which evidently had for its object the destruction of the State Anti-Slavery societies. They were to be superseded by a Mississippi Valley Anti-Slavery Association. It was ascertained that some of the leading influences favored this project, if it could be made strictly a political association. This information was communicated to T. B. Hudson, one of the Committee to whom this project was referred, and Mr. Hudson being in favor of keeping up the Anti-Slavery societies, used his influence to defeat the measure. The Committee reported unfavorably—the Convention accepted the report, and consequently no association was formed.

The Anniversary meeting assembled a few days after the adjournment of the Cincinnati Convention, but of this in my next.

SAMUEL BROOKE.

MILTON, Wayne co. Indiana, }
June 21st, 1846. }

ESTEEMED FRIENDS:—

I learn with some surprise that my article on human government "is hardly suitable for the Bugle." Am sorry for that; but as I am comparatively ignorant of the character and object of the Bugle, I shall most cheerfully acquiesce in your better judgment.

Would ask as a favor, however, that you return at my expense, such of my articles as are not suitable for publication, without commenting upon their defects. I had supposed that those who bring the charge of perjury against us, would not be very particular about the "form" in which the "charges of falsehood" were thrown back upon themselves. Perhaps they would not be, if the proof were absent; but the proof being there, it is considered "hardly suitable for the Bugle."

The brother who first recommended the Bugle to me, assured me that its columns would always be free for Liberty party men to justify, if possible, their position, and throw off the charges brought against them by Disunionists. But in this I am sorry to find he was mistaken. You will pardon me, therefore, if I ask a discontinuance of the paper. Do not suppose dear friends, that this is done to threaten or bribe you into a compliance with my wishes. You would be unworthy friends of freedom in any sense, could you be thus swayed from your purpose. This is only saying that I was misinformed as to what that purpose was, and am too poor to patronize a less free paper than I had supposed the Bugle to be. I wish you great success in doing what your hands find to do against slavery, meanwhile I should be greatly pleased if the Bugle would bear a little message of love to my Anti-Slavery friends in Ohio.

It is Sunday, and all creation is doing good but man. The industrious little bees are keeping the Sabbath holy as they gather sweetness from the bending flowers; whilst men are lounging about in holy idleness because a being of Infinite power got tired and rested.

The soft breeze from the Western prairies have freighted themselves with sweetness and blown the last case of sickness from our lovely village; whilst men of science are offering the services of bleeding, blistering and calomel!

The little birds that have been away off to Heaven to learn new tunes, are singing their sweetest notes of love as they pass along; whilst pro-slavery Christians are singing "Old Hundred" to a being of Divine wrath!

The "Queen of Spring" has thrown her green mantle upon the woodlands and spread a carpet of flowers upon the world; but the "Lords of Creation" have plowed them up to give place to tobacco patches, distilleries and slaughter-houses! The little streams of pure cold water, as they tumble from the distant hills, meet together in the valleys, take passage in the shining river, and move off to the Ocean, shouting freedom as they go; whilst the slave-holding "children of the Lord" upon their banks are disputing as to the best method of "washing away sin." And yet those clamoring advocates of sprinkling, pouring and dousing, accuse the friends of freedom with disturbing their peace! But a better day is dawning. Beauty shall yet triumph over deformity—freedom over slavery—right over wrong. The angel of purity will roll

away this rubbish, and rescued Humanity will seize the trump of freedom and blow a blast of "Peace on earth and good will to men."

I have had a few old fashioned revival meetings since I left Ohio. On my way to this place I addressed a meeting composed almost exclusively of Old Virginians; and to my astonishment found less prejudice and a more favorable reception of our views than is common to find among citizens of my own State. The fact is, these noble hearted sons and daughters of the South, who have been driven from their homes by the demon of slavery, have not come among us in vain.—They have brought with them the spirit of the ancient pilgrims. All they want is knowledge of our principles and they are with us. My boarding house is kept by friends who were raised in the South. My landlady is from Maryland. She is familiar with many of the names mentioned in Douglass' Narrative, some of which are her relatives. The little book was doubly interesting to her, for Frederick has eloquently described the playground of her childhood.

Our cause is in a low state here in Milton. But no wonder; there are ten religious people to one righteous man. The last Anti-Slavery meeting that was held here previous to my own, was broken up by a mob. What a blessed thing the religion of this country is. By its fruit ye shall know it.

But I must close lest I intrude upon your neat little columns with a lengthy article.—The friends will excuse my absence for some months, for although I rejoice with them to see the car of freedom on the track, yet I am sorry to say it is crushing my pecuniary interests beneath its wheels. I must do a close business in the work-shop for some time to come. Meanwhile, looking out from my humble retreat, I bid the cause God-speed. Do not think, dear friends, that in retiring to the shop I have forsaken the cause of suffering humanity. I live but for her. And although I have lost faith in the pious persecutions and wicked holiness that are passing current as Christianity, yet I have faith, a strong, unflinching faith that the tears of the rescued slave shall yet fall in grateful memory upon my sleeping ashes, and the angels of freedom shall bear me away in triumph to meet you all in Heaven. For humanity,

In friendship, truth and love.

JOSEPH CARDER.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

"I shall most likely be told there is a 'spice of arrogance' in me if I attempt to notice brother Wendell's Disunionist, but I would ask if there is not a spice of inconsistency in those who claim to be friends of government and furnish the only proof of that friendship by advocating the 'no voting theory'! And yet brother Wendell admits 'that we should strive to have a political influence—for with politics is bound up much of the welfare of the people,' and while he is seeking political influence by moral suasion alone he stops short to bring a false charge against the Liberty party men. He charges us with 'supposing that the ballot-box is the only means of political influence.' Now who that has the sagacity of a night-owl, or the honesty of a rattlesnake, don't know that Liberty party men wield as much moral influence as their Disunion friends can do, and add to that the mighty influence of the ballot-box. I love our Disunion friends and give them credit for just what they are worth, but I do hope if they continue to pierce the Liberty party, they will not dirty their fingers with the carnal weapons of falsehood, as they have done. My impression is that they are doing up a similar work to that of John the Baptist. They are preparing the way for the Liberty party by correcting public sentiment. But when we come along speaking in thunder tones through the ballot-boxes of the government, we shall 'speak as one having authority, and not as the scribes.' Brother Wendell quotes Paley to prove that 'a promise is binding in that sense in which the promiser thought at the time of making it, that the other party understood it;' and yet accuses us of perjury if we promise to support the Constitution! Now the South knows very well how Liberty men promise to support the Constitution, and brother Wendell quotes authority to prove that our promise is binding only in that sense. Why, then, this prating about perjury! After making this false issue the brother becomes very conscientious upon the subject and quotes the poet. 'It is a sin to swear unto sin, although it be a greater sin to keep the sinful oath.' I will just add that the brother's conscience is the plagueiest plague that ever any wretched plague was plagued with; for it won't allow him to vote for the overthrow of slavery, while it suffers him to bring false charges against those who do. But it is common, I believe, for lawyers to put on long faces, make out strong cases, and apply them in wrong places. In haste,

Your's for Union against Disunion.

JOSEPH CARDER.

LIBERTY PARTY.

The Liberator of May 15th contains an extract from the pen of J. C. Jackson, Editor of the Albany Patriot, in which there is a manifest mourning over the remissness of Liberty party men in not giving money to sustain the cause. He says "the wildest and frailest excuses are offered for not giving." "This state of things cannot last, and the blessing of Heaven rest upon the men who compose the Liberty party," &c. Wonder whether this statement of friend Jackson's can be corroborated from many other places as well as it can from this part of Ohio! I am prepared to hand in four dollars worth of evidence in this case. During the few last weeks previous to the election in 1844, we zealous Liberty men of four counties in this part of Ohio concluded to issue a declaration of sentiment for gratuitous distribution; several neighbors where Liberty men were somewhat numerous were pledged to bear an equal portion of the expense of printing. I chanced to be one of the unfortunate number who was appointed to get the document printed. The friends of the measure in Harveysburg contributed promptly what they deemed would be a fair proportion of the amount required; and two of the most active and influential Liberty men of Wilmington, Clinton county both pledged their word to me that Wilmington would meet four dollars of the expense. I therefore paid over the four dollars out of my own pocket in addition to what I had contributed before to the printer.

Nearly two years have now elapsed and I have given each of their memories a couple of jogs, and I think the four jogs were worth a dollar a piece to one who hates to dun a friend as bad as I do. The most active of these two friends has since moved to a distant part of the State, and I presume would now acknowledge that he had moved away from his promise. The other friend still resides in Wilmington a wealthy Liberty party man, and declares he will not do a thing in the matter. Great as the calamity may seem, I do believe it is a fact that my four dollars are gone, gone forever, never, more to return—all swallowed up in a great Liberty party promise. I may add with propriety that a veteran friend of the cause in Xenia, who assisted in settling with the printer and advanced a few dollars in behalf of others, has fared just as I have, and we have had to comfort each other the best way we could. But then it is no great wonder that men do so who profess to be abolitionists, and at the same time take an oath that Ohio shall still be open as a training ground, to chase down Christians with dogs, if they attempt to flee from American despotism; who after a premium on robbery by taking an oath that for every five cradles a southern plunderer he shall have three additional votes in controlling the affairs of government. I seem to see Benevolence, Conscientiousness, Common-sense and a host of other preachers coming up to the contest, to preach "comeouterism" from all such parties.

V. NICHOLSON.

A MOB OF LAKE COUNTY OFFICIALS.

MENTOR, July 10, 1846.

Editors of J. S. Bugle:

DEAR FRIENDS—Before this reaches you, you will, doubtless, learn through other channels that a shameful outrage has been perpetrated upon my wife and myself by certain officials of this county, under the forms of law, for the purpose of gratifying personal pique, and party animosity, and of impeding the high and holy work to which our labors are devoted. But, as it is uncertain whether you will be able to obtain a correct report of the affair from other sources, I send you the following sketch of the most important particulars as nearly as I can relate them.

Unionville, in Madison township, is the place to which the honors of this transaction are principally due. The principal actors in it were Lawyer J. H. Howe, Dea. Cushing Cunningham, Esq., Judge John Paige, Constable Charles Parker, Freeman Cady, Chas. Gilberth and Lockwood Frisbee.

As the merits of the transaction cannot be duly appreciated without some knowledge of the previous character of some of these personages, I shall be pardoned in the following reference to their standing and past conduct, which might otherwise appear invidious.—Cushing Cunningham is a Deacon and Clerk of the Congregational Church of Unionville, a Justice of the PEACE (?) and an influential member of the Liberty party. He has heretofore expressed strong personal dislike of us, and on one occasion induced a Liberty party meeting that had voted to invite us to lecture in Lake county, to rescind that vote. John Paige is a Judge of the county court, and an influential Democrat—makes no pretensions to religion, publicly disavows any regard for the Sabbath above other days, and is said not to be remarkably strict in his morals. He is the man who, a few years ago, gave up Milton Clark into the hands of a couple of "Southern kidnappers." Charles Parker is

a Democrat, and, previous to this transaction was regarded as a man of very decent behavior. J. H. Howe is a young whig lawyer, who has recently "set up" at Unionville and a man of some importance among the rowdies of that village. Of his religious character I know nothing, except that I heard it remarked that he was often seen at work in his garden on Sunday.

My first knowledge of Howe was at our meeting in Unionville, last spring. On that occasion he availed himself of the liberty of our platform to make some very low, scurrilous and abusive remarks, in the course of which he offered a gross insult to my wife.—This called forth a resolution of censure from the Rev. Mr. Olds, charging him with having insulted not my wife only, but every woman in the house. This resolution was adopted by a large vote, none but the rowdies voting against it. A short time after this, Howe made his appearance at our meeting in Painesville, and was represented by his friends as a person from the South who wished to be heard. He was called to the platform, both by ourselves and the meeting; but before he reached it I discovered who it was and declined holding any discussion with him, on account of his previous misconduct. The meeting, on learning the nature of his offence, uttered an involuntary burst of indignation, under which he sneaked from the house, and we saw nothing more of him during our stay in the county. But on our return to this vicinity, on the morning of our meeting at Geneva, I received a copy of the following letter which accidentally fell into the hands of a friend:

UNIONVILLE, June 30, 1846.

Eliphalet Mills, Esq.

DEAR SIR—Your line is received, and in reply I will say that I will be in attendance to-morrow. Some choice friends will come with me. I wish you to have a goodly number of our kind of people present, that the handle of the jug may not be all on one side. I shall come prepared to expose their creed, and show it up in its true light, and shall expect to be sustained by those who think with me.

Yours respectfully,

J. H. HOWE.

The person to whom this letter is addressed is said to be a man of wealth, and is a trustee of the Geneva Baptist Church, in which we held our meeting.

In compliance with his promise to Mr. Mills, Howe was in attendance at the hour of the meeting, backed up by his "choice friends." But, for the reasons already given, we declined holding any debate with him, and requested him not to occupy the platform. He however intruded himself upon the meeting, and by the aid of these "choice friends," prominent among whom was Mr. Mills, succeeded in keeping the house in disorder for nearly an hour, when, overawed by the force of public sentiment, he became quiet, having an assurance from Mr. Mills that he should have the house at the close of our meeting. But when our meeting closed the audience left, and he crept out after them mortified and chagrined at this unexpected defeat.

But he was not yet satisfied with the public scorn and contempt of which he had made himself the meritorious victim. On the following Sunday, 5th inst., he again appeared in our meeting at Centreville, supported by a new recruit of "choice friends," and at the call of Judge Paige and several other rowdies, took the platform, while my wife was yet speaking. But the strong condemnation of the meeting soon compelled him to relinquish his design, and after creating considerable disturbance by putting motions, and otherwise, he retired from the ground, accompanied by his associates and abettors, bearing on his brow the triple wreath of infamy which he had won in these repeated attempts to disturb and annoy our meetings. I mention these things, in this connection, only to show the motive that led to what followed.

A little before sunset on the evening of the same day, a person entered the parlor of our friend, Dea. Ensign, a Liberty man, who had kindly tendered us his hospitality, and exhibited a piece of paper that he called a writ, and said he had been required to take me and my wife before Esq. Cunningham, to answer to a charge of Sabbath breaking preferred by Mr. Howe. After some enquiry into the matter, I gave him distinctly to understand that we should answer to no such calls from Dea. Cunningham, or from any other quarter; and expressed my regret that he should lend himself, a willing tool, to such men as Howe and Cunningham, in a dastardly attempt to prostitute the forms of law to purposes of private revenge.

Constable Parker (for such I learned was his name) was apparently much disturbed at my want of deference for his office; and began to talk of the "authority of the State of Ohio," and the consequences of refusing to obey his commands; to all which I replied, that I had no respect for his authority, and no fear of the consequences; and that if he intended to have me before Dea. Cunningham he would be under the necessity of carrying me there. He then enquired for my wife. I replied that when gentlemen called upon me, I took great pleasure in introducing them to my wife; but this was a favor to which ruffians were not entitled. An answer from Dea. Ensign, if less unacceptable, certainly left him in no less uncertainty as to the whereabouts of his fancied prey. But the constable was not the man to be balked in an undertaking of this kind. The "honor of the commonwealth" and "the sanctity of the Sabbath," were at stake, not to mention his own reputation as a bold and gallant officer. Hence the necessities of life were a small matter, when standing in the way of his duty.—He therefore marched directly to the door of my wife's bed-room and bolted in, without even rapping. She was engaged in writing and was entirely ignorant of what had transpired in another part of the house. "Mrs. Foster," said he, "I have got a warrant for you." With an air of scorn that would have made even a respectable man uneasy, he surveyed him for a moment, and replied, "you got a warrant for me?—who are you?" "My name is Parker," he replied. "Well, Mr. Parker, leave my bed-room in an instant—you are here on mean, wicked business.—Go out of my room, and I don't let me see you here again." This dignified executor of the law stalked from the room like a detected dog from the sheep-cot, muttering as he went, "Mr. Foster says he shan't go with me." Finding his task more difficult than he had anticipated, Constable Parker now started off in search of assistance, and after the lapse of half an hour, returned with two young men, one of whom is in the service of Judge Paige. He directed the young men to put me into his wagon; but no sooner had they seized me than my wife, who was sitting by, threw her arms around my neck, remarking that 'it was their business to separate husbands and wives in the South, they could not do it here. This additional weight involved the Constable and his valiant associates in new and unexpected difficulties. Nevertheless, they did not allow their courage to fail till after a full trial. They succeeded in dragging us from the parlor and steps into the yard. Here their strength gave out.—There, in the name and "by the authority of the State of Ohio," Dea. Ensign and several others, neighbors and guests, were called on to sustain the sinking dignity of the law. But all to no effect, except to call down new reproaches on their crest-fallen brow. Alas! for the dignity of the law and the sanctity of the Sabbath!!! Our doughty Knight was compelled to suffer the mortification of seeing the former trampled in the dust and himself driven to violate the latter by again going in search of such legal and pious citizens as would come to the rescue. 'Tis a heathen adage, nevertheless it may be Christianized—"The Gods help those who help themselves." The needful aid was at hand, even at the gate. It was none other than the pious, Sabbath-observing Howe, and a son of Judge Tappan of Unionville, who, of course, were keeping Sabbath on the highways, and worshipping most devoutly to the musical hum of buggy wheels and the crack of the whip, along the road from Unionville, westward.—These most loving sons of mother Church were soon on the ground, prepared to do valiantly, strengthened, perchance, by the prayers of Dea. Cunningham, who, I learn, was detained so long in the office to fill out the writ and put the guardians of the law in motion, that it made him quite late at the 5 o'clock meeting; still his increased fervency might make amends for a little loss of time. By the way, I ought to have mentioned the fact that Howe first applied to a Whig Justice to issue the warrant, but he refused to engage in so low and scurrilous, as well as illegal business, not being willing to risk his reputation, pro-slavery tho' he was. And besides, he was a non-professor, and hence, not so deeply penetrated with a sense of our heinous sin. But although young Tappan came promptly, with Howe, to the rescue, finding himself in the presence of an Anti-Slavery choir who were chanting the songs of liberty, and feeling the indignation which gleamed from the brilliant faces of that noble company of young men and women who seconded us, he soon disappeared. But Howe is no deserter. He seized our feet most obediently, when ordered, and with this additional help we were conveyed to the buggy without personal injury. However, as we had no occasion to go to Dea. Cunningham's that evening, we made no preparation, and therefore were driven, bare-headed, some three miles, through clouds of dust, accompanied by a carriage load of our friends. It was now about 10 o'clock at night. On arriving at the Deacons', we found him apparently in solemn waiting for us in his parlor, he directed that we be driven to his office, which, however, appeared outwardly to be his old kitchen.—By this time, there was a considerable gathering of our Liberty party and other friends around the Deacon's door, and though I heard nothing of the kind, yet I should not

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be surprised to learn that the Deacon had some keen words uttered in his ear by his constituency. There were loud threats the next day that a meeting should be held, censuring him. But I have not heard of any such proceedings. A party censure any one from whom it may look for a vote? Preposterous! We were driven, according to order, to the office door; but having no business within, we, of course, did not alight. But the horse was taken from the thills, and we remained in the buggy, discoursing with our friends, while there was much talk and bluster about the mode of getting us before the court. Many propositions were made and rejected, till, finally, the Deacon came to the door, and making the threshold the judge's bench, began reading what I presume was the complaint. After he had finished reading, he inquired whether I was "guilty or not guilty?" I replied, if he would come to me in a proper manner I should be happy to converse with him on any subject he might introduce; but that I should not recognize him as an officer, and should hold no conversation with him in that capacity. I also expressed in pretty strong terms, the estimate in which I held his conduct in this transaction. My wife, being queried as to her guilt, replied in a strain still more caustic and stringent, reminding him of the treatment to which Quaker women were subjected in New England, by Deacons, a century ago—their backs stripped and whipped till the skin was torn off; their ears cut off, and sometimes, even, put to death for breaking the Sabbath and other alleged offenses; and closed by telling him she had no doubt but he would commit similar barbarities on herself if he had a public sentiment to carry him out in it.

This drew forth some threats from "his honor," for contempt of court I suppose, though he did not say for what. To this I replied that we held his conduct and his threats alike, in contempt, and should pay no respect to either. All reasonable hope of trying us that night being now at an end, the Deacon remanded us into the custody of the Constable, with orders to bring us again before him the next morning at 8 o'clock. I will not detail the further occurrences of that evening, except simply to state that we were taken to a public house, and by the aid of an addition to his posse comitatus, the Constable removed us from the buggy to a chamber, where we enjoyed a most refreshing night's sleep, three brave and patriotic keepers remaining outside our room, who, I presume, performed their high duty to the entire satisfaction of their employers.

At nine o'clock on the following morning, we were taken by force from our chamber to a hall in the opposite end of the house, where were assembled the Deacon and his abettors, and a large number of our friends, of both sexes, some of whom had come 12 or 14 miles to witness the proceedings. The Deacon proceeded as on the previous evening, to read the complaints, which set forth that we had been guilty of breaking the Sabbath by performing manual labor in selling books and otherwise, contrary to the peace and dignity of the State; and again inquired if we were "guilty or not guilty." But having already informed him that we should hold no conversation with him in the capacity of a magistrate, neither of us made any reply. The Prosecuting Attorney, Howe, proceeded to examine witnesses, the first of whom was Judge Paige. Then commenced a most rich and amusing scene. Being questioned by the prosecution, not only as to the fact of our selling books and obtaining subscribers for papers, but also as to the sentiments advanced in our speeches on the churches, Mexican war and political parties, the whole Anti-Slavery field was thrown wide open. Gen. J. H. Paine, Esq., of Painesville, volunteered to defend the honor of the county. Such a cross-examination as that to which he subjected the Judge, was a caution to all dignitaries who practice worse crimes than do those whom they condemn, and still go unwhipped of the law.

He was compelled, virtually, to approve our course, and to acknowledge himself guilty of a breach of the law in getting up a disturbance in our meeting, for the purpose of thrusting Howe upon our platform, contrary to our consent, thereby abetting trespass—still another breach of the law. And the churches and parties, especially the Democratic, the poor Judge was compelled most sorely to expose. Indeed, I almost pitied him. The same terrible castigation was inflicted on most of the other witnesses for the prosecution, all with the exception of one, I believe, being subjected to the terrible fate of self-condemnation as disturbers of the peace and law-breakers. Added to this, out of their own mouths they were proved guilty of the very crime of which they were trying to convict us, that is, Sabbath-breaking. The Constable, too, was proved to be in the dilemma, he having served the warrant on the Sabbath, when his brother engaged to be security for all damages if he would postpone it till Monday. But the most amusing incident of the day, was the testimony elicited in regard to the HONORABLE COURT itself. The charge against us, it will be recollected, was the selling of books on the Sabbath. One of the witnesses being asked if it was customary

in that vicinity, to sell books in the churches on the Sabbath, replied that it was; and that he had sometimes been a purchaser. "Of whom have you bought books on Sunday?" inquired the lawyer. "Of Deacon Cunningham," was the reply. I will not undertake to describe the merriment that ran around the hall, nor the mortification and chagrin of our pious judge, in being convicted of the very act for which he had ordered this criminal prosecution against us. Suffice it to say that after he had recovered a little from the shock, he remarked in a very low tone that he acknowledged he had violated the law, and was ready to pay the fine. But the lawyer for the defence of the county reminded him that he had violated no law in that act. Indeed, no one could suppose such sale of books a violation of law. It was shown to be one of the constant Sabbath day practices of orthodox churches throughout this region.

The examination of witnesses being over, Howe went into an elaborate defense of the Deacon and the violated law. He was followed by Esq. Paine in a most magnificent effort in defence of the honor of the county and the liberties of our country. I am not a proper judge of the legal merits of Mr. Paine's argument, but as an anti-slavery speech I have rarely heard it equalled; and have no hesitation in saying there was no person in the room, capable of reasoning, who was not thoroughly convinced of the diabolical character of slavery and all its supporters; and no heart, not harder than adamant, that was not melted by his touching appeals. Indeed it was a proud day for the slave's cause. It was pronounced by some, the best anti-slavery meeting they had ever attended. But it was in the boldness of his denunciations of the court, and all parties concerned in this nefarious prosecution, that he did himself most honor, shown, as it had most clearly been, that malice, party spite, and sectarian bigotry had instigated all who had moved in it. He told them they all ought to be indicted; and I believe all present who think it ever right to prosecute, felt the justice of his condemnation. Even Howe himself was somewhat moved, as was a parent from his feeble and faltering reply.

Of course, we were acquitted. The public sentiment was too powerful to be withstood. Undoubtedly our persecutors had reckoned too much on the bitter prejudices entertained against us by all parties, and all churches, not dreaming but it would sustain them.

As it was nearly night when we were set at liberty there was time only for a few remarks from us, to those who were assembled to witness the trial. In these we did not strive to cull honied words, but the meanness and malignity of the whole company concerned, especially the Deacon, were pretty thoroughly exposed and denounced. The Innkeeper however, would not allow us to proceed undisturbed by the mob in his house, and we adjourned to the next door's parlor, where we closed our remarks, which proved effective. The evil spirits were exasperated to the highest pitch, as was evinced by their writhing and gnashing of teeth, as we drove off in the midst of their yells and groans, maddened that they had again lost their prey.

S. S. FOSTER.

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

SALEM, JULY 24, 1846.

"I love agitation when there is cause for it—the alarm bell which startles the inhabitants of a city, saves them from being burned in their beds."—Edmund Burke.

Persons having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Barnaby, corner of Main and Chestnut sts.

GREAT MEETING AT RAVENNA ON THE 1st OF AUGUST.

We hope most of our readers will be in attendance. Parker Pillsbury, Henry Hatch, S. S. and A. K. Foster, with other speakers will be present. It will also be seen by reference to the appointments of Pillsbury and Hatch, that they will have a meeting at Ravenna on the last of July.

We are assured by the citizens of that place, that, on this occasion ample provision will be made for the entertainment of strangers. If any prefer a public house to private accommodation, we would recommend the Prentice House kept by our friend Folger, and said to be one of the best Temperance houses in the West.

Remember this meeting for your own benefit, and inform your neighbors of it for theirs.

JOSEPH CARDER'S LETTER.

Between one and two months since our friend Carder sent us an article under the caption, "Human Governments." As the Disunionists do not make war upon human governments as such, but studiously avoid denying or asserting either their rightfulness or Divine origin, regarding it as an extraneous question, having nothing more to do with the system of slavery than has baptism or the Lord's supper, we declined publishing his communication. Liberty party may if it chooses, affirm the divinity of human governments; we do not therefore feel bound to admit into our columns articles for or against its position. It may insist upon baptism as the means of admission to its privileges; so be it, we do not therefore feel compelled to discuss the character of that ordinance. Friend Carder's complaint of our want of justice is certainly without good foundation. We are ignorant of any charge brought against him or his party, which we

have refused him an opportunity to refute.—What charge was his essay on "Human Governments" designed to disprove? The accusations contained in the conclusion of it appeared to us to be merely incidental remarks, and thinking he could put them in a more desirable shape than they were, we made such suggestion, though we did not decline publishing that part of his communication as it then was. As he does not appear to think it worth while to comply with our suggestion, we of course freely let him use our columns—so far as the question of slavery is adhered to—as seemeth to him best, although we consider the style of that article objectionable.

His last letter, together with so much of his former communication as we think would not be out of place in an anti-slavery paper will be found in their appropriate place.

FROM THE PRESBYTERIAN HERALD. DO YOU PRAY FOR THE MEXICANS?

There are good reasons why you should.

1. They have souls like other men. Is not this overlooked? They are not wild beasts, though like them. Why pray for a Hindoo or a Hottentot? Because he has a soul of infinite value, but exposed to eternal death. So has every Mexican. Because they are all Papists. And will you pray for the conversion of Romanism around you, and not for the conversion of those one thousand miles off?

2. They are our enemies. This is one of the strongest reasons. Does not the Savior so teach? Matthew v. 44. This does not refer to private enemies only—it extends to public foes also. It may be your duty to fight them, to preserve the life and liberty of our countrymen—strictly in the defensive.—But does that duty to our country exempt us from the other duty to them? Fighting and praying can go together. Jesus was a Lion yet a Lamb—so his disciples.

3. This is the way to stop the war. Can you doubt that, if every Christian in this land were to lift up his earnest cry to God for our enemies, that they might see their error and cease their strife, it would be done? Are not God's weapons "mighty?" What if, by powder and ball and bomb-shell and other terrible instruments of death, we should slay thousands of them, and send consternation to the heart of Mexico—would it not be better to bring them to terms by prayer? Would it not be a more glorious victory? Surely, bloodless achievements are most acceptable to God. Only one kind of blood is pleasing to him, that is the blood of the Lamb; and this blood is omnipotent to conquer, even our enemies. O, in eternity, where "all nations" shall soon be "gathered" before the judgment seat, let it not appear that the Christians of this land did not pray for their enemies!

Lastly: heretofore there has been no opportunity to preach the Gospel in Mexico, and we should be concerned to have the door speedily opened to all her provinces. But this depends much on the faithfulness with which Christians visit the throne of grace, in our present troubles with that Republic.—Even if we should by force subdue their bodies, their hearts would remain as opposed to the Gospel as ever, and doubtless they would be less disposed to receive our religion than ever. But if, by prayer, God were to melt down their pride and kindly dispose them to us, how great the good accomplished! Then, will you pray for the Mexicans? PAX.

The above precious specimen of American religion we found approvingly copied into the Ohio Observer. Of what sect that paper is the mouth-piece, we cannot certainly say, but suppose it represents one division of the Presbyterian Church. We should judge that it would prove an exceedingly effective appeal to all believers in sanctification by cannon balls, and redemption by bayonets.

"Do you pray for the Mexicans?" Why?

"Because they have souls to save." Is not this assuming what needs to be clearly demonstrated? How can the Americans butcher them at the rate they do, if they really believe they have souls—poor, benighted papist souls, that will go straight to the regions of eternal woe as soon as the body they inhabit is destroyed. No, no! *prætere* these half-savage, yellow wretches have souls, before you ask the people to pray for them.

"Fighting and prayer can go together," PAX tells us, and he puts fighting first. We suppose he would have them cut a man's throat, and then pray for him—blow out his brains, stab, hack, and hew him down, and then remember him in prayer. Better for such butchers to pray for themselves—to pray that the doom of Cain be not theirs. But we are told that "Jesus was a Lion yet a Lamb—so his disciples." Does PAX mean to say that Major General Jesus would be Christ-like? that Colonel Peter, Lieutenant Paul, Captain John, Sergeant Mark and Corporal Luke are christians? If he means anything, he means this; and that a battle-field, whose sward is crimsoned with the life's blood of thousands, where Carnage holds her revel and dances over the mangled forms of the dying, whose groans of pain and shrieks of agony, whose prayers for mercy and half-suppressed curses ascend to that Heaven whose laws they have defied—that such a scene presents as God-like a sight as did the daily life of Him, who went about doing good unto men, preaching peace on earth.

PAX has given a true picture of American religion; judge ye if such a religion does not defile and curse the earth it pretends to bless.

THE BUGLE.

This number of our paper completes its first volume, and it is with no ordinary feelings of satisfaction that we recur to its history for the past year. Its publication was commenced amid many discouragements; the doctrines it was designed to advocate were extremely odious, but the few individuals who were favorable to the enterprise had confidence in the power of truth, and believed that they would be sustained in their undertaking by the true friends of the slave. The result has thus far confirmed their anticipations.

Their little sheet, with its almost treasonable motto, which commenced its career with less than two hundred names upon its subscription list closes the first year of its existence with twelve hundred subscribers. Its claim upon the public was unsupported by great names, its editors were inexperienced, its correspondents were volunteers from the ranks of the people, its pretensions in all respects save one, were humble; in devotion to the cause of the slave it admits of no superior, and we trust that it ever will as it ever has, esteemed his rights as worth more than constitutions of governments or creeds of sects.

The Bugle is very much such a paper as the people have made it. If it has been somewhat crowded with communications, it was because they wished to speak for themselves.

Its publishers have confidence not only that those who have heretofore sustained it by their subscriptions and donations, will continue to feel an interest in giving it their support, but that others, who now perhaps scarcely know of its existence, will, before the close of another volume, be numbered among its friends. A proof of this confidence will be found in the enlargement of the paper, in order that it may more adequately supply the wants of the community, for the Bugle, be it remembered, is the only Disunion paper published west of the Alleghanies. The Committee who have it in charge are desirous that subscriptions should be sufficient to support it, and the increase of its size—giving nearly one third more reading matter—will of course increase the expense of its publication. Will not its friends, therefore, bear this in mind, and act accordingly.

THE PHILANTHROPIST.

Dr. Baile does not choose to understand why the Bugle may recommend the New York Tribune as a newspaper, which although sustaining whiggery contains much excellent matter upon questions of moral reform, and at the same time condemn the course of the Herald as an anti-slavery paper. He is not so ignorant as he would appear to be, and his pretending to discover an affinity between the Disunionists and Whigs, is about as original and well founded as the Whig discoveries of collusion between Liberty party men and Democrats. 'Tis a mere political ruse and is got up for party effect.

If the Dr. had ever condescended to notice anything we had urged in opposition to his views upon the question of Slavery, we might offer "a word of explanation" to his readers in reference to the fact that so astonishes him—the fact that while we agree with him that the Tribune, "notwithstanding its politics, is in many respects an admirable journal, and cannot fail to do good wherever circulated," we do not estimate the Herald quite so highly as its editor does.

INEXPLICABLE.

The Standard and Whig is out against the "Three Fifts Rule," denouncing it as "inequitable and unjust, and contrary to the first principles of republicanism;" giving additional political power to the man who "violates the fundamental laws of Democracy by holding his fellow man as property," and "rules with an arbitrary will over the degraded bondman on his plantation." Liberty party has asserted time and again, that the Constitution is an anti-slavery document, one which abolitionists, good and true, may innocently swear to maintain, and which being anti-slavery needs no change; yet mark you! its organ for Ohio says, that one of the objects of that party's action is to obtain the repeal of this part of the Constitution. We do not know what the party will say to this. Perhaps it will tell us in the language of its organ, that nobody but the writer in responsible for the sentiments we have quoted. If so, be it known that such is the opinion and object of M.

RETROCESSION OF ALEXANDRIA.—On the 10th inst. the President signed the bill by which the county of Alexandria was returned to Virginia. We are glad of it, and think it would be a wise move if Congress were to return to its former owners the entire District of Columbia. If the South persists in adding iniquity, we shall want a new Capitol before many years for the North-Union. The South will doubtless Washington with its slaveholding prisons, and its auctioneer's block for human flesh. Let her have it.

VERY ACCOMODATING.

The editor of the Democratic Standard in his remarks upon a letter from a correspondent, in which exceptions are taken to his very exceptional articles upon the Mexican war, says "We must agree to differ. Ours is a Liberty party, allowing that difference of opinion, without which, a man sinks into a servile partizan." We should think it was a Liberty party with a vengeance. Its gubernatorial candidate in Ohio holds church fellowship with every Methodist man-thief in the south, and in so doing violates no party principle, for "Ours is a Liberty party." Its candidate for Canal Commissioner in Pennsylvania offers his services to cut the throats of the Mexicans, and who questions his right so to do? "Is not ours a Liberty party?" Its state organ advocates "our country's" war of aggression, and justifies itself in its extraordinary course by asking "Is not ours a Liberty party?" Surely it is so. But why not extend its area of liberty so that Whigs and Democrats, slaveclaimants and slavetraders can stand upon it?

OHIO ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—Who can inform us of its whereabouts? We hear nothing of its agents, we see no notice of its anniversary. Has Liberty party used it, until it has used it up? The Dutch believe that rivers were made to feed canals, and Liberty party, we should judge, has a somewhat similar opinion of anti-slavery societies; for that party is a canal; one which has been made with incredible labor, having its artificial bounds, its dam, its locks, aye, and its lock tenders. Canals are good in their place, but 'twould be an unprofitable investment of money to dig one along side of a majestic river whose waters were navigable from its mouth to its source, whose highway was as broad and free as Thought, and whose might was an emblem of moral power.

BAD NEWS FOR THE VOLUNTEERS.—The President has issued an order commanding the American soldiers to respect the religious rights of the inhabitants of Mexico, and positively forbidding them to pillage the churches of that land. Alas, for those visions of wealth and splendor which flitted before the mind of many a volunteer! What to them are "the little golden Jesuses, and virgin Marys with diamond eyes," if they may not touch them? Shattered legs and crippled arms are but poor substitutes. An empty purse and a ragged uniform of buff and blue would do little honor to a "revel in the Halls of the Montezumas."

REMARKABLE OMISSION.—The Emancipator, in its notice of the North Western Liberty party convention mentions the names of those who participated in its proceedings, but strange to say, one of the great guns of Illinois is not mentioned unless it be under the alias of &c. &c. Can it be that Liberty party in the east is ashamed of ALANSON ST. CLAIR? Is the Emancipator afraid to mention his name lest it recall unpleasant thoughts to the minds of its readers?

We designed answering before now the queries put to us by "An Abolitionist," but have been prevented by other matter presenting itself which seemed to demand more immediate attention. They will however be replied to soon.

"Do you pray for the Mexicans?" asks the Presbyterian Herald of the American people. "We pray on them," is the response.

George C. Baker, Garrettsville, will act as agent for the Bugle.

GREAT GATHERING OF THE PEOPLE.

On Saturday and Sunday, the 8th and 9th of August, there will be a Great Rally of the citizens of Northern Ohio and Western Pennsylvania, at Mecca, in Trumbull county, Ohio. Speakers from abroad, as well as citizens of Ohio, will be there to ascertain the best means to unite the Anti-Slavery sentiment in opposition to the system of Slavery in this country.

SAMUEL BROOKE, General Agent.

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETINGS.

PARKER PILLSBURY, of New Hampshire, and others will attend Anti-Slavery meetings to be held at

Georgetown, Harrison county, Saturday and Sunday, July 25th and 26th.

Leesburg, in Carroll county, commencing on Monday evening, the 27th July, to continue throughout the 29th.

Marlborough, Stark county, on Thursday, the 30th, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M.

At Ravenna, the 31st of July and 1st of August.

At Jefferson, Ashland county, on Thursday, the 6th of August, commencing 10 o'clock A. M.

One or two more meetings will be held in Belmont county, on the 23rd and 24th; the place of meeting not yet determined.

Will the friends of the slave attend to the necessary arrangements for the making of meetings?

SAMUEL BROOKE, Gen. Agent.

POETRY.

THE HORSEBACK RIDE.

BY MISS SARAH J. CLARKE.

When troubled in spirit, when weary of life,
When I faint with its burdens and shrink
From its fruits, turned to ashes, are mocking
My base,
And its fairest scene seems but a desolate
waste;
Then come ye not near me, my sad heart to
cheer
With the low words of friendship, or sympathy's
thine;
No counsel I ask, and no pity I need—
But bring me, oh, bring me, a gallant young
steed,
With his high arched neck, and his nostril
wide,
His eye full of fire, and his step full of pride!
As I spring to his back, as I seize the strong
rein,
The strength of my spirit returneth again;
The bonds are all broken that fettered my
mind,
And my cares borne away on the wings of
the wind!
My pride lifts its head, for a season bowed
down,
And the queen in my nature now puts on her
crown!

Now we're off, like the winds, to the plains
whence they came,
And the rapture of motion is thrilling my
frame!
What a wild thought of triumph that this
feeble hand
Such a steed, in the might of his strength,
may command!
What a glorious creature!—ah, glance at him
now.
As I check him awhile on this green hillock's
brow,
How he tosses his mane, with a shrill, joyous
neigh,
And paws the firm earth in his proud, stately
play!
Hurra, off again! dashing on as in ire,
'Till the long fluty pathway is flashing with
fire!
Ho, a ditch! shall we pause? no, the bold
leap we dare,
Like a swift-winged arrow we rush through
the air!
Oh, not all the pleasures that poets may
prize,
Not the wondrous waltz in the ball room's
blaze—
Nor the chivalrous joust, nor daring race—
Nor the swift regatta, nor merry chase—
Nor the sail, high heaving waters o'er—
Nor the rural dance, on the moonlit shore,
Can the wild and thrilling joy exceed
Of a fearless leap on a fiery steed!

All nature looks joyful—the sun laughs down
On the wood-lands gay, and meadows brown,
And the joy-lighted smile of my earliest days,
In my eye it beams, on my lip it plays!
How my heart throbs hope! how it dances
in mirth!
Lives a happier soul on the green, glad earth!
New Brighton, Pa.

MY MOTHER.

BY FANNY EORRESTER.

Give me my old seat, mother,
With my head upon thy knee;
I've passed through many a changing scene,
Since thus I sat by thee.
Oh! let me look into thine eyes—
Their meek, soft, loving light
Falls like a gleam of holiness,
Upon my heart to-night.
I've been long away, mother;
Few suns have rose and set,
Since last the tear-drop on thy cheek
My lips in kisses met;
'Tis but a little time, I know,
But very long it seems,
Though every night I come to thee,
Dear mother, in my dreams.

The world has kindly dealt, mother,
By the child thou lovest so well;
Thy prayers have circled round my path,
And 'twas thy holy spell
Which made that path so dear to me,
Which strove the roses there,
Which gave the light and cast the balm,
On every breath of air.

I hear a happy heart, mother,
A happier never beat;
And even now new buds of hope,
Are bursting at my feet.
Oh, mother! life may be a dream,
But if such dreams are given,
While at the portals thus we stand,
What are the truths of Heaven?

I hear a happy heart, mother,
Yet, when fond eyes I see,
And hear soft tones and winning words,
I ever think of thee,
And then, the tear my spirit weeps,
Unbidden, fills my eye;
And, like a homeless dove, I long
Unto thy breast to fly.

Then, I am very sad, mother,
I am very sad and lone;
Oh! there's no heart whose inmost fold
Opens to me like thine own;
Though sunny smiles wreath the blooming lips,
While love-tones meet my ear;
My mother, one fond glance of thine
Were a thousand times more dear.

Then, with a closer clasp, mother,
Now hold me to thy heart;
I'd feel a beating 'gainst my own
Once more before we part.
When 'till to this love-lit spot,
Come oft—too weary,<
And for thy darling I—must not come—

MISCELLANEOUS.

A VISIT TO THE BIRTH-PLACE OF ROBERT BURNS.

BY A FUGITIVE SLAVE.

The following is an extract from a Letter of FREDERICK DOUGLASS, to a friend, dated April 23, 1846. The writer be it remembered, is a "Runaway Slave," who, during his eight years of stolen Freedom, in defiance of all the disadvantages under which his class labor, has qualified himself to think and write thus:—*Alb. Eve. Journal.*

I am now in the town of Ayr. It is famous for being the birth place of Robert Burns, the poet, by whose brilliant genius every stream, hill, glen and valley in the neighborhood have been made classic. I have felt more interest in visiting this place than any other in Scotland, for, as you are aware, (painfully perhaps) I am an enthusiastic admirer of Robert Burns. Immediately on our arrival, Friend Buffum and myself were joined by Rev. Mr. Renwick, the minister in whose meeting house we are to lecture during our stay, and proceeded forthwith to see Burns's Monument. It is about three miles from town, and situated on the right bank of the river "Doon," and within hearing of its gentle steps as it winds its way over its pebbled path to the Ocean. The place of the Monument is well chosen, being in full view of all the places mentioned and referred to in the Poet's famous poem called "Tam O'Shanter," as well as several others of his most popular poems. From the Monument (which I have not time to describe) may be seen the Cottage where Burns was born—the old and new bridge across the Doon—"Kirk Alloway," called by Burns the "Haunted Kirk." The banks of the Doon rising majestically from the sea toward the sky, and the Clyde stretching off to the highlands of Arran, whose dim outline is scarcely discernible through the fog by which it is almost constantly overhung, makes the spot admirably and beautifully adapted to the Monument of Scotland's noble bard. In the Monument there is a finely executed marble bust of Burns—the finest thing of the kind I ever saw. I never, before looking upon it, realized the power of man to make marble speak. The expression is so fine, and the face is so lit up, as to cause one to forget the form in gazing upon the spirit.

In another room, there are two statues carved out of free Stone—the one of Souter Johnny and the other of Tam O'Shanter, two characters named in his most famous poem. These were also finely executed and shared my attention, but I was drawn to Burns. In a glass case near his bust there was a Bible, given by Burns to his "sweet Highland Mary;" there is also in the same case a lock of her hair neatly fastened to a card. As I gazed on the hair of her he so dearly loved, and who by death was snatched from his bosom, and up to his bust glowing with expression, I received a vivid impression, and shared with him the deep melancholy portrayed in the following lines:

"Ye banks and braes of bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom so fresh and fair;
How can ye chuck, ye little birds,
And I am weary, fu' o' care!
Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons through the flowering thorn;
Thou'lt madden me of departed joys,
Departed never to return!"

"Oft has I ro'd by bonnie Doon
To see the rose and woodbine twine,
And like a bird sang o' its love,
And fondly said I'd o' mine:
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree,
And my fause love stole my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me."

On our way to the Monument we enjoyed a pleasure and a privilege I shall never forget. It was that of seeing and conversing with Mrs. Beggs, an own sister of Robert Burns, and also seeing and talking with the Poet's two nieces, daughters of Mrs. Beggs. They live by the road side in a small thatched cottage, humble but comfortable. When Mr. Renwick made them acquainted with the fact that we were from America they received us warmly. One of the nieces said her uncle was more highly esteemed in America than in Scotland. Mrs. Beggs is the youngest sister of Robert Burns, and though now approaching eighty, she does not look to be more than sixty. She enjoys good health, is a spirited looking woman, and bids fair to live yet many days. The two daughters are truly fine looking women. Coal black hair, full, high foreheads, and jet black eyes, sparkling with the poetic fire which illumed the breast of their brilliant uncle. Their deportment was warm and free, yet dignified and lady-like. They did everything to make our call agreeable, and they were not ignorant as to the means of putting us fully at ease. Two letters in their uncle's own hand writing were early put into our hands. An original portrait, said to be excellent, was dis- couraged upon; I thought it much like those we usually see in his works.

We sat fifteen or twenty minutes. It might have been longer, as happy moments pass rapidly. Took leave—bade farewell. I saw in them so much of what I love in everybody else, I felt as if leaving old and dear friends. I have ever esteemed Robert Burns a true soul, but never could I have had the high opinion of the man or his genius, which I now entertain, without my present knowledge of the country to which he belonged—the times in which he lived, and the broad Scotch tongue in which he wrote. Burns lived in the midst of a bigoted and besotted clergy—a pious, but corrupt generation—a proud, ambitious, and contemptuous aristocracy, who, esteemed a little more than a man, and looked upon the plowman, such as was the noble Burns, as little better than a brute. He became disgusted with the pious frauds, indignant at the bigotry, filled with contempt for the hollow professions set up by the shallow- hearted aristocracy. He broke loose from the morasses which society had thrown around him. Spurning all restraint, he sought a path

for his feet, and, like all pioneers, he made crooked paths. We may lament it, we may weep over it, but in the language of another, we shall lament and weep with him. The elements of character which urged him on are in us all, and influencing our conduct every day of our lives. We may pity him but we can't despise him. We may condemn his faults, but only as we condemn our own. His very weakness was an index of his strength. Full of faults of a grievous nature, yet far more faultless than many who have come down to us on the page of history as saints. He was a brilliant genius, and like all of his class, did much good and much evil. Let us take the good and leave the evil—let us adopt his virtues but avoid his vices—let us pursue his wisdom but shun his folly; and as death has separated his noble spirit from the corrupt and corruptible dust with which it was encumbered, so let us separate his good from his evil deeds—thus may we make him a blessing rather than a curse to the world.

Read his "Tam O'Shanter," "Cotter's Saturday Night," "Man was made to Mourn," "To my Mary in Heaven." Indeed, Dear A., read his poems, and as I know you are an admirer of Burns, read it to gratify your friend Frederick. So much for Burns.

CHILDREN IN THE WORK SHOPS NEAR PARIS.

We copy the following statement from the "Democratic Pacific." It shows in characters too plain to be misunderstood the legitimate results of anarchical competition. "Let us not glory in the belief that nothing of the kind can as yet be found in our favored country. We are fast verging to the same condition, the greater our population, the greater our riches, the more precipitous becomes the declivity, the more rapid our descent. English Parliamentary evidence shows that the results are the same on both sides the British channel, that is, so far as they have been examined, for hitherto only the outside, the destitution and misery, have been made known in England; here we have the effect upon the morals, upon the whole lives of the sufferers. Like causes, every where produce like effects, and the day is not far distant, when our thickly settled cities will no longer present even apparent exceptions. Already instances of the same piecious depravity here depicted, may be found among us, and were the condition of the unfortunate children, who frequent our streets and wharves to glean a scanty subsistence, properly inquired into, we fear much would be brought to light to make those who boast of the superior condition of our poor, hang their heads with sorrow and with shame. Would that our whole nation could see herein the destiny (if unaverted) which awaits myriads of her unborn generations, and be warned in time.

"We take these horrible details from a work addressed to the *Annals of Charity*, by Mlle. Eugénie Michel; we give the words of this conscientious observer; she speaks from the heart:

"Among the industrial establishments which exist near Paris, there are many for printing clothes; and there, more than elsewhere, are to be found the misery and wretchedness of this population of many thousands; a population half vagabond, receiving natives of Lyons, of Alsace, of Belgium, of Germany, retaining them some months, a year, two years, then letting them go to receive others; on this, living from hand to mouth, preserving neither morality, good conduct, nor hope of the future. Thence, disorder in every form, depravity with all its consequences.

In these establishments every journeyman printer requires an assistant to prepare his colors; for this purpose, he takes a child, either boy or girl, who may be from five to fifteen years old; the age is no consequence, strength is enough; and if strength is wanting, necessity or had treatment supplies its place. To earn half a franc, the child works from six in the morning to seven in the evening during summer, from seven in the morning until dark, in the winter, standing all the while upon a little stool.

Barely clad, without socks, with old cloth put down, or a frock, always full of holes, because the color bars the clothing, with an- boots, or worn out shoes, the child leaves the workshop, which is often overheated from the nature of the operation, in order to take his meal at his mother's, who, herself at work elsewhere, has left for him at her lodging, some bread and an apple, or a little cold liquid called soup and half a glass of bad wine; or perhaps he finds his mother, who overburdened with children and misery, makes him perform fatiguing labor, which allows him hardly time to eat, during that hour which ought to be an hour of rest for the poor little one. As soon as the hour allotted to the meal has passed, the child returns towards the workshop, blowing his numbed fingers in winter, raising with difficulty his feet, chilled by the snow, and waits for the moment of re-entering, crouched with his comrades in the wet, along the walls of the buildings; and this is called resting for an hour.

In summer, playing, and often, in consequence of some rough word or practical joke, fighting savagely, boys or girls, before a circle of workmen, from thirty to fifty years old, who applaud the strongest and the most wicked; then finally, re-entering the workshop, at the stroke of the bell, the face covered with blood, and the body with bruises, and receiving no other reproof or consolation but fresh blows or mocking laughs. So much for the body. Now, from this contact of twelve hours each day with men of whom the greater portion are corrupt, the little boys become entirely depraved; they imitate the cynicism of their masters; they exceed them in oaths, in vile words, in brutality; they are doubtless a great evil, and one which we fear cannot be remedied; but as to the little girls, they are lost forever. For these poor children, there is no childhood, no innocence; the corruption of the body precedes that of the soul; but the latter follows infallibly. It is a joy to the coarse masters to teach those poor little unfortunates all the mysteries of vice and all its phases of impurity; thence what are the results? Polluted at ten, moth-

ers at fifteen, they accept infamy without shame and without remorse.

The demoralization of a part of the population of great cities which is known only to those who either mingle with it or watch over it, or seek to purify it shows itself here in broad daylight without veiling its brow. The young girl, I might almost say, the child, who has become a mother, talks boldly and loudly, certain of finding some man who will form a union with her, or who will become for a time her companion in debauchery; her child will have no father; no matter! no matter either how she brings it up. When she has it the first cure, which, corrupted as she is she does not refuse to it till it is two years old, she will trouble herself no more about it; she will not care what it sees or what it hears; it will be a witness to all sorts of turpitude, forgotten in the streets for hours; then, it must go to the workshop, and take its chance, as did its father, as did its mother."

From the Republic.

AN ADDRESS.

From Green Plain Monthly Meeting of Friends in the State of Ohio, to the people of the United States, on the subject of War.

This meeting, being introduced into a deep exercise, on account of the attitude assumed by the United States of America, towards the Republic of Mexico, is constrained, by the allegiance due to the government of the Supreme Being, to bear our testimony against it. In ages past, the children of men through prejudice, ignorance and superstition, have claimed the divine sanction for the waste of human life. If the scripture declaration be true, that "God is love," what is war but rebellion against his empire? Under the influence of the unchanging government of Jehovah, "mercy and truth meet together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other." "Whence come wars and fightings; come they not of your lusts which war in your members?" "Every battle of the warrior is with a confused noise and garments rolled in blood." "War," said Napoleon to his aide-de-camp, before the battle of Waterloo, "is a trade of barbarians." Deeds of rapine follow in its train. It is an appeal to man's lowest nature. The annals of the world are stained with the clashing of nations. Military heroes driving the ploughshare of destruction through the habitations of the weak and defenseless. A Nero outraging the laws of nature; perpetrating cruelties which overwhelm the mind with horror. An Alexander, a Bonaparte, overturning kingdoms at pleasure. In the language of the gifted Sumner, "wasted lands, ruined and famished cities and slaughtered armies, are only a part of the purple testament of bleeding war." Every soldier is connected as all of you, by tender ties of kindred, love and friendship. He has been sternly summoned from the warm embraces of family. To him there is, perhaps, an aged mother, who has fondly hoped to lean her decaying frame upon his more youthful form. Perhaps a wife, whose life has just been entwined with his, now condemned to wasting despair; perhaps brothers and sisters. As he falls on the field of battle, must not all these rush with his blood; but who can measure the distress that radiates as from a blasted sun, penetrating innumerable homes? Who can give the gauge and dimensions of this incalculable sorrow? Tell us, ye who have felt the bitterness of parting from dear friends and kindred, whom ye have watched tenderly till the last moments have run out, and the great hour glass is turned, what is the measure of your anguish? Your friend has departed, soothed by kindness and in the arms of love; the soldier, with no friend near, while the scowl of hate darkens all that he beholds, darkens his own departing soul.

Dr. Thos. Dick, the distinguished philosopher, computes sixty-nine millions, two hundred and fifty thousand tons of human flesh have been mangled, disfigured, gashed, and bled under foot in war; that fourteen thousand millions of the rational family have perished on the field of battle.

"Shall the sword devour forever?" Let it not be asserted that war is necessary. Arbitration—a congress of nations—might amicably and honorably settle all disputes. If the Holy Spirit is grieved when violence is in the land, wasting and destruction within its borders—if the command of the Highest, "thou shalt not kill;" the injunction of Jesus Christ to the apostle, "put up again thy sword into his place; for all they that take the sword shall perish by the sword;"—Matthew 26:52—be of universal application, as well as his blessing upon the peace-makers, together with the whole code of morals which he taught, as we verily believe they are, what must be the position of this government in the sight of Heaven and the enlightened nations of the earth, engaging in mortal combat, not for the purpose of carrying out the noble sentiment incorporated in its declaration of Independence, "that all men are created free and equal," but for the extension and perpetuation of the most execrable system of oppression which ever disgraced the world. A system which annihilates manhood and puts down in its crimson ledger as chattles, personal brags created in the image of the Heavenly Father.

We are not insensible that our testimony will conflict with the popular mind. This will not deter us from speaking the truth. In our judgment, war is wrong, and wrong continually. The present one has seldom, if ever, been suppressed in atrocity. If the nation depends for its stability upon making war against the government of God, and the rights of man, "though it exalt itself as the eagle and build its nest among the stars," is there not reason to believe that, like Tyre and Babylon of old, it will be cast into the deep? That the rulers and the people may be brought to repentance and learn to do justice ere it be too late, is our affectionate desire.

Signed by direction and on behalf of the aforesaid meeting, the 17th of the 6th month, 1846.

THOS. SWAYNE, Clerks.

ELIZA SWAYNE, Clerks.

N. B. Newspapers are requested to give the above an insertion.

The great American philosopher and statesman, Benjamin Franklin, drew up the following list of moral virtues, to which he paid constant and earnest attention, and thereby made himself a better and happier man:—
Eat not to fullness; drink not to elevation.

Speak nothing but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation. Let all things have their own places; let each part of your business have its time.

Resolve to perform whatever you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.

Make no expense, but do good to others and yourself; that is, waste nothing.

Lose no time; be always employed in something useful; cut off all unnecessary action.

ANTI-SLAVERY PUBLICATIONS.

Persons wishing to furnish themselves with anti-slavery Books and Pamphlets, can do so by calling on J. ELIZABETH JONES, one door west of the District School House, Green St.

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SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,

Thoroughly assorted, well selected, cheap purchased, and completely adapted to the wants of the community—equal to any in the town of Salem—*and not only a small stock of Old Goods.* We have great confidence in offering them to our friends and the public at large, as our fixed determination is to sell "as cheap as the cheapest," for ready pay, or to good men on *short crops*.

Our stock consists in part of Cloths, Satinets, Jeans, Tweeds, French Cassimer for coats and pants, Summer Cloth, Costing Croton Alpacaes, cheap summer-wear for Pants and Coat; French, Scotch, English and Domestic Gingham, Shambrays, Tickings, Checks, Sheetings, Drillings, Flannels, Mous de Laines, Lawns, Coburgs, Chusans, Cashmeres, De cos Organdes, Balzines, Jackinett, Swiss Crape, Crapelite, Bombazines, Merinos, Dress Silks; lead, dark and brown Pongees; Umbrellas, Parasols, a great variety of Clip and Leghorn Hats, braided and hair Gipsy Bonnets, and Bonnet Edging and Ribbons. Men, women's and children's Shoes, splendid 8-4 Cashmere, plain and figured Shawls, scarlet Merino Shawls, and Dress Hdk's, of every variety and description, together with all sorts of Nicknacks not to be enumerated here.

ALSO—Groceries, Queensware and Hardware, Coffee, Tea, Sugar, Chocolate, Moulded Cakes, Tarts by the kit, summer molasses, Macerels, Cincinnati and Palm Soap, Rice, Raisins, Oils, Paints, Shellac and Logwood.

ALSO—Crockery and Glass Ware of every variety: Iron, Steel, Nails, Glass, Shovels, Spades, Cutlery, Cotton Yarn, Hatter's Trimmings, Batting, Wicking, &c. &c.

Any quantity of well handled, clean washed Wool bought at fair prices, for cash of "dicker," also Butter, Cheese, Rags Feathers and all kinds of Produce taken in exchange for Goods: "no exception this year," cash not refused.

For sale, a two-horse Wagon, a three year old Colt, and a fresh Milch Cow.

HEATON & IRISH.

Salem, May 21, 1846.

OUR MOTTO IS

"THE READY PAY."

AND OUR BUSINESS IS TO BUY AND SELL HARDWARE AND DRUGS. As Low as Possible.—Carpenters, Builders, Farmers, Carriage and Chair Makers, Painters, Cabinet and Harness Makers, Millwrights, and Mechanics generally, will find such articles among our assortment as will suit their separate purposes.

PHYSICIANS

who prescribe for others, and

FAMILIES.

who prescribe for themselves may at all times find a general assortment of

DRUGS AND BOTANIC MEDICINES

at

CHESSMAN & WRIGHTS.

Salem, O., March 25th.

DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES.

BOOTS and SHOES, (Eastern and Western.) Drugs and Medicines, Paints, Oil and Dye Stuffs, cheap as the cheapest, and good as the best, constantly for sale at

TRESCOTTS.

Salem, O. 1st mo. 30th.

AGENTS FOR THE "BUGLE."

Ohio. New Garden—David L. Galbreath. Columbiana—Lot Holmes. Cool Springs—T. Ellwood Vickers. Berlin—Jacob H. Barnes. Marietta—Dr. R. G. Thomas. Coshfield—John Wetmore. Louisville—Dr. Butler. Poland—Christopher Lee. Youngstown—J. S. Johnson. New Lyme—Marshall Miller. Akron—Thomas P. Beach. New Lisbon—George Garretson. Cincinnati—William Donaldson. East Fairfield—John Marsh. Selma—Thos. Swayne. Springfield—Ira Thomas. Harveyburg—V. Nicholson. Oakland—Elizabeth Brook. Chagrin Falls—S. Dickenson. Petersburg—Ruth Tomlinson. Columbus—W. W. Pollard. Georgetown—Ruth Cope. Bundysburg—Alex. Glenn. Garrettsville—J. H. Pardee. Alwater—E. Morgan Parritt. Farmington—Wm. Smith. Elyria, Lorain Co.—L. J. Burrell. Oberlin—Lucy Stone. Ohio City—R. B. Dennis. Newton Falls—Dr. Homer Earle. Ravenna—Wm. Frazier. Franklin Mill—A. Morse. Harford—Anson Gorlick. Southington—Caleb Green. Mt. Union—Owen Thomas. Republican P. O., H. Wood—Hillaboro, Wm. Lyle Keya.

INDIANA. Greensboro—Lewis Branson. Marion—John T. Morris. Economy—Ira C. Mautsby. Liberty—Edwin Gardner. Winchester—Clarkson Puckett. Knightstown—Dr. H. L. Terrill. Richmond—Joseph Adleman.

PENNSYLVANIA. Faldon—Joseph Coale; H. Vashon, Pittsburgh.